Special 6-Page Report: A Visit to Harlem and the Black Bronx

A Mao Tse-tung Republican: How Goldwater Won in The Past and Hopes to Win Again

"Mao Tse-tung, the Communist revolutionary general, has written a valuable book on the tactics of infiltration. In it, he says: 'Give me just two or three men in a village and I will take the village!' In the Goldwater campaigns of 1952 and 1958 and in all other campaigns where I have served as a consultant I have followed the advice of Mao Tse-tung. . . . The individuals we enlisted became a secret weapon possessing strength, mobility and real impact. They were able to infiltrate centers of opposition support, keep us informed of opposition tactics. . . . In 1958 we had Cell Group members working for most of the radio and television outlets in Arizona. We were informed immediately when the opposition tripled its request for time. . . . The security surrounding campaign headquarters can be penetrated. Knowing in advance what the opposition proposes is very useful information indeed. . . ."

—"How to Win An Election", a newly published book by Stephen C. Shadegg, one of Goldwater's political aides.

I. F. Stone's Weekly

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The Ferment and the Fury in New York's Negro Ghettoes

I spent several days in New York last week trying to learn more about the racial situation there, on which so much may depend. To see the great city again after the Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant riots is to see it with eyes freshly opened. Driving in from Long Island, over the Tri-Borough bridge, into 125th Street, I saw the Negro ghetto looking as dingy as ever, but relaxed and somnolent, as if its fury spent. Downtown, walking on opulent Fifth avenue, amid all the new steel and glass skyscrapers, one noticed with a new sharpness the almost complete absence of black or brown faces. Except for an occasional poorly dressed messenger boy, one saw only whites, and one felt that this wonder city, with its towering and majestic beauty, rested like ancient Athens on a slave class, kept out of sight in a menial quarter of its own. I went to the theatre and saw three plays on the race question, two by Negroes: James Baldwin's *Blues for Mister Charlie,* Le Roi Jones's *Dutchman* and Martin Duberman's *In White America.* The message of the first is hate; the second, loathing; the third, the only one by a white man, compassion. Even at these performances, though the audiences were responsive, it was as if the stories told were of another world, far removed from these well-dressed and educated white and Negro intellectuals, some of them mixed couples, but otherwise moving about racially separate to talk and smoke during intermission.

Moratorium Opposed

I began my exploration of this other world at the downtown headquarters of the Congress for Racial Equality in a rundown loft building on Park Row just across the little park that fronts on City Hall. It was a hectic morning. The papers that day carried the text of the statement by the leaders of major Negro organizations calling for a temporary suspension of mass demonstrations until after election day because the defeat of Goldwater was more important "than any local or state condition." My talk with the white press officer was constantly interrupted by angry phone calls from branches of CORE as far away as California protesting any such moratorium. James Farmer of CORE and John Lewis of SNCC did not sign the statement with Roy Wilkins of NAACP; Martin Luther King of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference; Whitney M. Young, Jr., of the National Urban League, and A. Philip Randolph, chairman of the Negro American Labor Council. But Wilkins told the press both

(Continued on Page Two)

War Behind Our Backs

The White House tried to play down the shooting off North Vietnam, but most of the press could not resist the temptation to sell papers and spread the news across page one in flaring headlines. Chairman Russell of the Senate Armed Services Committee tried to deflate the crisis atmosphere after Secretaries Rusk and McNamara gave his committee and Senate Foreign Relations a briefing. "There have been naval operations in the Gulf of Tonkin by the South Vietnamese," he told the press, "and this could have confused the North Vietnamese."

It now appears that South Vietnam has been carrying the war to the north with U.S. support. A Washington report in New York Times Aug. 4 said, "that the [U.S.] destroyers on patrol have sometimes collaborated with South Vietnamese hit-and-run raids on North Vietnamese port cities, though the destroyers themselves stay in international waters." A dispatch from Saigon in that same day's paper said, "There was speculation that Hanoi's call for vigilance by the armed forces and the resulting tension may have been a factor in the still unexplained attacks by three torpedo boats on the U.S. destroyer Maddox." In an editorial the same day the New York Times threw further light into these shadows when it said, "South Vietnam's small naval forces have staged a number of raids on the North Vietnam coast. One theory in Washington is that the American destroyer, as seen on North Vietnamese radar, may have been taken for a similar South Vietnamese ship."

The day before the attack the North Vietnamese radio charged that on Friday U.S. and South Vietnamese warships had shelled "the Hon Me and Non Ngu islands" in North Vietnam. The attack on the Maddox, according to the Washington Post Aug. 3, took place "less than 20 miles from the Island of Hon Me." Washington says it has "no knowledge" of an attack on these islands. But U.S. participation in raids on North Vietnamese ports has not been denied. This is carrying on war behind our backs. *Aug. 4.*

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Farmer and Lewis agreed with suspension of mass demonstrations and withheld their signatures until meetings of their steering committees. The press officer vehemently denied over and over again that Farmer had made any such statement; he said Farmer agreed with the estimate of the Goldwater danger, but not with the call to suspend mass demonstrations. It was soon clear from the tone of these phone conversations that the black backlash against any suggestion for halting militancy was as strong as the white backlash on the other side.

A Frantic Call from the South

During the phone calls I had a chance to look around the loft, jammed with battered desks and old typewriters on which a whole corps of volunteers were working. I ran into old-timers like Jim Peck, the pacifist-anarchist, who has been beaten up on more picket lines for more good causes since the 1930s than any other man in the country; here he was back on the firing line, after a bout with tuberculosis, as diffident and devoted as ever. While I was looking around a more dramatic telephone call came in from the Sheriff's office in Jonesboro, La., where a CORE volunteer, Danny Mitchell, a young Ph.D. from Syracuse, had been arrested on the usual charge of "contributing to the delinquency of a minor" presumably for recruiting some local Negro into the voter registration drive. Carl Rachlin, another old-timer, of the Workers Defense League, now general counsel for CORE, got on the other extension. "We won't forget you," he assured the caller. "We'll get right on it." The words suddenly evoked the terrifying scene 2,000 miles away in the Deep South. The phone was no sooner hung up than another call reached lawyer volunteers in the area and sent them speeding to the Sheriff's office. Rachlin told me of a similar frightening night call a few weeks earlier when another volunteer worker, Ronny Moore of Southern University, was shot at while crossing the Mississippi at St. Francisville. He took refuge in a Negro home at Jonesboro only to have it surrounded by a mob of whites threatening to burn the house down. A frantic phone call to the Justice Department in Washington for help elicited no response. In desperation a call was put through to FBI headquarters in New Orleans. It had stayed open all night. The alert FBI man who took the call phoned the local police in Jonesboro. On his urgent demand, the local police dispersed the mob and prevented a tragedy.

Just Admission Price for the CIA

"When are we, in the Foreign Relations Committee and in the Senate, going to delve into the military aid program? Year after year the Committee accepts in almost dead silence whatever the Defense Dept. tells it about military aid. We shove the critical reports of the Comptroller General under the table when the Secretary and Assistant Secretaries of Defense testify because we don't want to embarrass them. . . .

"The real justification for 'forward defense' aid is not that the recipient can use it against Communism, because a non-industrial country that cannot support a peace-time army cannot sustain a war effort against Russia or China. What 'forward defense' aid does buy is entree for American military and intelligence agencies close to Communist borders. For these privileges, we have paid since World War II a dozen times more than we need to have paid."

—Sen. Morse, in the Senate foreign aid debate, Aug. 3

With a telephoned introduction from the downtown office I went next to the CORE office in Harlem at 307 W. 125th St. This turned out to be on the second floor of a decayed business property. The office had one old desk and typewriter. The walls were decorated with tattered signs and photos. One said, "Please report all injuries caused by stick happy police to CORE." George Johnson, the CORE official in charge, is a Negro from a small town near Cincinnati, with a master's degree in education from the University of Michigan. He taught special children's classes in the Cincinnati schools before going full time into the civil rights movement. He himself lives in the Bronx and said he found Harlem "very depressing."

The Only Ones Who Stay

"The only people who stay in Harlem," Johnson told me, "are those who have no alternative. As in the South, all who can get away, do so. We perform all kinds of social and civic services. People come to us in desperation because they have nothing to eat or no place to sleep and we try to do what we can. We try to awaken people to their responsibilities, to teach them why civil rights are important and why, being black, they should be in the movement. We tell them they have two main weapons—the ballot and selective buying. Registration is low. During the riot we operated a first aid station and won 20 new recruits. People could see we were doing

More Nuclear Information to Our Allies As Bait For Joining the MLF

The new Atomic Information Agreement between the U.S. and NATO confirms our worst fears about the proliferation of national nuclear weapons via a multilateral force. As an inducement to participate in that force, the U.S. is offering individual NATO states access to information about delivery systems for nuclear weapons.

The new Agreement and the 1955 Agreement it will supersede are parallel except for a few key omissions and additions. Omitted from the new Agreement is the requirement that information transferred by the U.S. to NATO be used "exclusively for . . . NATO defense plans." Whereas the 1955 Agreement requires that information transferred by the U.S. to NATO "not be transferred by NATO . . . beyond the jurisdiction of that organization," the new Agreement contains this same requirement with one exception: "Unless otherwise specified by the U.S., atomic information provided to NATO may be communicated by NATO to its member states. . . ." This may occur only where the information is "necessary to carry out functions related to NATO missions. . . ." Thus access to information is made contingent upon participation in NATO's MLF.

Finally, the new Agreement allows the U.S. for the first time to share with "NATO and its member states" information related to "the development of delivery systems" for atomic weapons. The '55 Agreement speaks only of information realted to "defense plans," "the training of personnel," and "the evaluation" of enemy capabilities. In the past, the great cost of research and development for delivery systems has been the major barrier to proliferation of national nuclear forces.

Unless Congress vetoes it, the new Agreement will become effective approximately 60 legislative days from June 30. This means late September or, if Congress adjourns before then, next January. In either case, a dangerous agreement is likely to slip past an unsuspecting public.

—The Agreements are in the Cong. Rec., Jl. 27, p. 16131 ff

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a service. We had spotters out and whenever they saw a knot of tension they would phone in and we would send somebody out to calm the people and ask them to go home. What does Harlem need? Vast, mass preferential assistance for better education, employment and housing. We in CORE have about exhausted moral persuasion. Do we reach down to the grass roots? We have about 1,000 members in a community of close to half a million. The No. 1 influence is the churches. Then come the Black Muslims, the Malcolm X people and Nationalists of various kinds. We come next, but far below them in influence."

A Visit to a Muslim Mosque

A middle-aged woman came in to consult Johnson. She said her white employer had accused her 13-year-old daughter of taking $20 from the white woman's purse. She declared her daughter was innocent. Johnson interrupted to phone the Malcolm X headquarters and the Black Nationalist bookstore at 125th St. and Seventh avenue to ask that someone there talk with me. A young Negro college student from Philadelphia had been hanging sadly around the office, waiting for something to do; he was assigned to accompany me. A white man is safer in the streets of Harlem if walking with a Negro. Our first stop was the Malcolm X headquarters on the second floor of the Hotel Theresa on Lenox avenue which I had last visited when a reception was given there for Fidel Castro several years ago. Room 128, the Muslim Mosque of Malcolm X, turned out to be a large meeting hall with a big blackboard at one end. Malcolm X was in Egypt but one of his chief aides, James 67X was explaining the essentials of Islam to a young snub-nosed Negro girl while a light brown secretary at the reception desk looked on adoringly. A placard behind the door advertised a Pan African Students "High Life" dance. James 67X was a neatly dressed young man with a thin fuzz of beard on an intense brown face. He used a ruler to make his points and he addressed the one young convert on the five basic duties of Islam with the passion he might have used in speaking to a multitude. I found myself listening with rapt attention as I waited.

"Islam," James 67X explained, "is Arabic. It means to submit, to surrender. A Muslim is one who surrenders his will to God's. His first duty is prayer. The Koran says men must pray five times a day. Every living thing is an act of prayer. When a rose grows, it is a prayer. You must practice charity. Two and a half percent of all you make, give to the poor. Anything you give, you must get back in return, that is the law of the universe. Whatever you plant in earth shall come back seven-fold. A kind word is an act of charity. To feed pigeons is an act of charity. To help a blind man across the street is an act of charity. Every act of charity brings the planet to a greater state of perfection. After prayer and charity comes fasting, for there is nothing like hunger to let you know that all men are alike; in Ramadan all hunger together. The fourth duty of Islam is pilgrimage, so that one may see men of all colors join in Mecca in the praise of God, all wearing the same white cloth, so there is no distinction between prince and peasant, rich and poor. The fifth and last of the basic duties is Jihad, holy war, which Westerners have confused with war. But Islam's greatest achievements have been accomplished not by bullets or the sword but by the conquest of intelligence. Spain was conquered by intelligence and when Islam left, Spain slipped backward. Jihad is using any method that is worthy to bring any form of life that is not in submission to the will of God into submission and into a state of tranquility and peace. There will never be peace on earth untill all men submit to the will of God. This is Jihad."

A Harlem Mystic

This is a shortened but verbally faithful version of what James 67X said. It seemed to me, in its humanity, on a level with Islam as interpreted by its own greatest mystics and poets. There was not a word of hate in anything he said. In an off the record talk afterward, he was wary and distrustful. I was interested in his background. He was Harlem born, largely self-educated, and had left the Black Muslim movement of Elijah Mohammed before Malcolm X did. He would say nothing in the slightest derogatory, even by impli-

Those Exasperatingly Peaceful Laotians

"One Vientiane general explained why the hill area was quiet: 'Phou Kout is too hard to attack and too difficult to defend.' To Western strategists this analysis summed up the Laotian attitude toward the war. 'The Laotian army,' one European remarked today, 'is the worst in the world.' 'I only wish,' another Western military leader said, 'that they wouldn't get drunk after every battle'."

—New York Times from Vientiane, Laos, Aug. 1

The Truth About Castro's Cuba Begins to Seep Through to the U.S. Press

"Although it is difficult for an American correspondent to say so without being accused of Communist sympathies, the fact is that conditions here are not as bad as the exiles say they are. . . . There is much which can be said in criticism of Mr. Castro's Cuba, but the version reaching Americans is in some respects widely exaggerated. Cuba is more like Peron's Argentina or Nasser's Egypt than it is Stalin's Russia."

Wm. R. Frye from Havana in the independent conservative Washington Evening Star, July 21.

"The refusal of Mexico, Chile, Bolivia and Uruguay to vote for a total embargo of Castro means that he lost little ground in the nearly all-out effort by the Johnson Administration to unseat him. Like him or lump him, the guy is going to be around for a long time. If he would permit an honest election tomorrow, which he won't, he would win by an overwhelming majority. He would win on his record, the only record a majority of the Cuban people care about, and that is that he has taken from the entrenched rich and given to the poor, has provided schooling for children who could never have had it under his predecessors, hospitals, roads and sense of being important in the world—at the expense of freedom of speech, assembly and of movement in and out of the country, losses which a majority of the Cuban people seem willing to suffer in exchange for more food and opportunity for their children. . . .

"This revolution is unlike anything else in the Soviet sphere. Everybody is permitted to have a gun, all [church] denominations are again wide open and well-attended. Ordinary people interrupt Castro in the middle of a speech and question him. . . . He must be as much of a puzzle to Khrushchev as he is a pest to Johnson."

—Bob Considine in the Hearst press from Havana, New York Journal-American, July 29.

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cation, of Elijah. After leaving the latter's movement he spent weeks alone reading and meditating on the roof of a Harlem tenement. His Islamic creed is far more sophisticated and humane than Elijah's mixture of black racism and superstitious hate of "white devils." He winced when I said that Muslim Arab traders had sold his people into bondage. He insisted that a slave could free himself by accepting Islam while slavery was accepted and institutionalized under Christianity, for which he feels a deep repugnance, though brought up by Baptist parents. One felt in talking with this gifted young Negro that finding himself alienated from American society he was drawn to as distant and alien a creed as he could find, that of Islam, and had created a dream world in fraternity with those distant pilgrims in Mecca. He had gone into an internal spiritual exile as a refuge from the miseries of the Negro ghetto in white America.

An African "Zionist"

I encountered an older, more conventional, form of Negro retreat from white realities in Michaux's Black Nationalist bookstore on the other side of Seventh avenue. This is the bookstore made famous in countless pictures with the placard in front advertising the book, "The God Damned White Man." The walls, tables and even parts of the floor overflow with books, mostly on Negro problems and Africa. I was ushered through a back door on which hung a large portrait of Nasser into a back room crowded with more books and mementoes. There at an ancient roll-top desk sat a thin elderly Negro in his 70s. This was the proprietor Lewis Michaux, a lifetime follower of Black Nationalism. He burst into speech like a volcano, stopping only from time to time to show me another cherished memento from a long table full of African carvings and oddities. His special joys were products from Ghana. He showed me a bottle of lager beer brewed in Ghana, a can of lemon squash made in Ghana, a jar of peppers put up in Ghana, as if these were precious relics. He had visited on cocoa ships in New York harbor from Ghana, and it was Ghana of which he thought first when he spoke of "back to Africa." He was like an old Zionist longing for Eretz Israel, and despite the Black Nationalist fervor a gentle humor and a human kindness were evident as he talked with me.

"No Negro is a citizen," Michaux burst forth. "Otherwise there would be no need for a Civil Rights Act. Dr. King is not a citizen. Dr. Bunche is not a citizen. Russians can become citizens. Germans can become citizens. But not Negroes. Neither the pulpit nor the politicians give our people leadership. In the last uprising [his term for the riot] no preacher and no politician could venture into the streets. The people organized themselves block by block. You ask who does speak for the Negro masses? Nobody speaks for the grass roots. Those Negroes who claim to speak for them don't even associate with the Negro masses they claim to represent. They all live up in penthouses and they never come down to the henhouses," Michaux chuckled, "until they want some eggs. But the chickens are no longer laying eggs. The classes never meet the masses till trouble starts. There are two elements of Negroes—one integrationist, the other separationist. The class Negro is integrationist. The mass Negro is separationist, that is, Nationalist. Aren't they suffering from too much separation already, you ask. Well, they're born sufferers. To enjoy anything else but a life of suffering would kill them quicker. The white man's heart will never change. If his heart hasn't changed in 400 years, we don't think he has a heart. What could be done for Harlem now? Take that money that's going to the moon and put it into Harlem, and set an example for all the Harlems of the USA. Give people jobs and there will be no muggings. Men don't steal when they have enough to eat. Give people proper ideas and there

New Man at the SEC

The nominatian of Francis Wheat to fill the next vacancy at the SEC creates suspicion. He is Johnson's third appointment to the five-man commission. The first, Commissioner Owens, was securities administrator in Oklahoma, closely connected with the Kerrs. The second, Hamer Budge, is an arch-conservative from Idaho. Wheat is a political unknown. Who sponsored him is a mystery. California Governor Brown knew nothing of the appointment in advance. Neither did the Los Angeles Congressional delegation nor Senator Engle's office. We think the Senate Banking and Currency Committee should question him closely. He is a member of a large Los Angeles law firm. Have any of its clients cases pending before the SEC? What is Wheat's attitude toward the 1940 Investment Act, which is supposed to police mutual funds? Wheat, as head of the American Bar Association's Investment Act subcommittee, will be familiar with the loopholes. Is he disposed to close them?

Some Dubious Aspects of A Giant Railroad Merger Against Which Kefauver Warned

Senator Kefauver warned two years ago that a case by case approach to railway mergers would lead the ICC to a merger between Pennsylvania and the New York Central, the nation's first and third largest railroads. He urged the Commission to plan a rational transportation system. The Commission yielded to industry pressure instead. It merged the B&O-C&O and last month the Norfolk, Nickel Plate, and Wabash, and now must approve the Penn-Central as a counter-weight to these two powerful systems.

The economic power of a Penn-Central system will extend far beyond transportation. The 25 members proposed for its board of directors sit as directors of 180 other corporations whose assets total over $113 billion. Some are now major suppliers and shippers to the two lines. This is hardly the arms length relationship between buyer and seller required by law.

The identity of those who control the Pennsylvania is unknown. Seven of its ten major stockholders are listed on the merger application as brokerage houses and Swiss banks. They own 20% of the stock, enough to exercise control. The ICC, although it has the power, will not ask these nominal owners to reveal the beneficiaries. The Central has equally anonymous stockholders, but it claims control by Alleghany Corp., a holding company whose major asset is Investors Diversified Services, the world's largest investment complex.

The suspicion is that a Penn-Central merger will unite the Mellon Empire with Alleghany. The extent of Mellon influence is also unknown. The FTC recently studied it but won't make its report public. The most recent public information is a 1942 monograph by the Temporary National Economic Committee. That showed Mellon wealth concentrated in finance but also in control of 7, and influential in 17, of the 200 largest non-financial corporations.

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will be no difference between white and black. Till then nothing will happen."

He Gave Up His Lincoln

I went next day to another of New York's Negro ghettoes, one not yet in the news. On McKinley Square in the East Bronx. I talked with Herbert Callendar, chairman of Bronx CORE. I last saw this section of the Bronx more than 30 years ago when it was a Jewish neighborhood; today it is a rundown Negro slum, almost as grimy as Harlem. I found Callendar in a huge warehouse-like second floor lined with banners bearing the names of Medgar Evers and other martyrs in the civil rights struggle. He turned out to be a big slim brown young man of 30, who gives the impression of quiet patience and great strength, and of complete devotion without fanaticism or hate. He is New York born, went to high school in Manhattan, and was in the Army two years, part of them in Japan. He went to work on his return in the Ford works at Mahwah, N.J. His ability soon made him an organizer for the UAW. "I had a Lincoln and a house in the upper Bronx," Callendar said of those days. But then he went on a Freedom Ride through the South in 1961 and came back a changed man. "I came back with my eyes open," he said, "and dedicated to civil rights. I was arrested down there for the first time but I realized that it was not so different for the Negro up here. I saw that only the lowest and hardest and poorest paid jobs were open to the Negroes in the Ford shops and I began to use the grievance machinery to advance the Negro. I became a thorn in the side of management and I got fired." He found that in his own local there were racists and even Birchites, mostly from rural New York and New Jersey, typical of the kind of union members swept up by compulsory union shop contracts instead of by persuasion and the hard lessons of experience. He lost his fight for reinstatement and went into CORE instead. I asked him how many of Bronx CORE were white and he said about 30%, some Italians, a few Irish and Puerto Ricans but mostly Jewish. He was setting up car pools and block captains to get out the vote this year; he told me only about 40% of the Negroes in his area were registered. "But we're going to register them as independents," he said. "We can't afford to be in anybody's hip pocket." He had teaching teams out helping people to pass their literacy tests. He objected strongly to any moratorium on demonstrations.

"The NAACP's had a moratorium on demonstrations for 15 years," Callendar said. "Negroes are losing faith in civil rights organizations. We need demonstrations on specific issues if we are to keep unrest channelled in a responsible non-violent peaceful way. We've scheduled demonstrations against Jim Crow in the building trades, and against slum landlords—some parts of the East Bronx are as rat-ridden as Harlem—and against police brutality. We have one case where police spread-eagled a Puerto Rican in his cell as if he were being crucified. This community can blow up as easily as Harlem if we can't show them accomplishments. The most important task of all here is to save our youth. We need job opportunities for them and above all we need to save them from narcotics. The rate of addiction in the East Bronx is tremendous, and it will be worse in the next generation unless we take steps to stop it now. We need a hospital for rehabilitation, a training center where addicts can go after they've been cured and learn a trade. Otherwise they'll soon be back on the drug out of hopelessness. A big portion of all the crime in our Negro sections is linked to dope addiction. Wiping it out would be the biggest single step forward."

An Extraordinary Teen-Ager

Of all the people with whom I talked in New York the most extraordinary was Callendar's youth coordinator, Judy Howell, a young girl of 17, who has worked six years for CORE. Her beautiful brown African face, her sharp intelligent eyes, her trim person, radiated energy, purposefulness and capacity. While I interviewed her, we were constantly being interrupted by youngsters in white sweat shirts with CORE in blue letters on them and she handled these subordi-

The Place to Start is Harlem, Not on the Moon

"If we could only supplant the fear and the hate, the bitterness and the division, the poison and the venom that our fellow man contains, with the hope and the optimism and the achievements represented by this venture here, how much better our world will be for ourselves, our children and our grandchildren."

—President Johnson after his briefing by scientists on the Ranger 7 moon shot.

Harlem and Arms: More Money Wasted on Bomber Than Poverty Program Will Cost

"We are surprised when the neglected evils of Harlem's ghetto erupt into the violence that is taking place today. Incredibly bad housing, poor schools, few jobs, little recreation, or beauty, or joy—these are the earmarks of a sizeable section of the greatest city of the Western World, and a disgrace in the eyes of us who believe in the promise of a better America. . . . Our preoccupation with the cold war and our concentration on massive arms spending have been largely responsible for many of our neglected domestic problems. . . .

"There is a further reason for a modest reduction in arms spending—the importance of curtailing needless waste in our defense program. . . . We have, for example, appropriated funds in recent years of $1.5 billion to build the RS-70 bomber—an ill-advised project which the Air Force will never use. This costly fiasco has wasted more money than we have just authorized for the President's nationwide war on poverty for this year. The reports issued by the Government Accounting Office for the year ending May 1 . . . indicate another half billion dollars of waste in other poorly conceived projects. . . .

"In yesterday's Washington Post there was an article entitled 'Parking Lot for Air Force Swimming Pool as "Essential for Defense" Irks GAO'. . . . The GAO accused the Air Force of using funds to build projects without congressional approval. The examples . . . included a golf course, a riding stable and a pet hospital. . . .

"I think our servicemen are entitled to things such as swimming pools. . . . The point I should like to make is that those same things are needed in other parts of the country. Perhaps if we had more swimming pools in Harlem, we would have had less trouble in the summer of 1964."

—McGovern (D.S.D.) urging the Senate July 29 to cut 4% or $1.8 billion from the new $46.7 billion arms budget, a proposal only four other Senators, all Democrats, supported: Clark (Pa), Morse (Ore), Nelson (Wis) and Neuberger (Ore).

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Negro Youth Leader Blames Police Stupidity for the Harlem Riots

nates with an almost Napol onic speed and decisiveness. "Let the kids fix the place up themselves," she told one subordinate worried about a new branch headquarters. "Then they'll consider it their own and keep it in good shape." She told me how she was organizing the youth of the East Bronx, gang fashion, for constructive purposes. The teams, with their block and field leaders, are to be set up in the same hierarchical semi-military fashion as juvenile gangs, with ages from 11 to 21, the older boys and girls in the leadership positions.

"These teams will be used to distribute leaflets, to help get out a community paper, to organize block parties for civil rights, to join in getting out the vote, to run clean-up campaigns in each block, and to arrange trips," she said. "There will be competition between the various blocks. Boston Road might get an award for getting out the biggest voter registration. Freedman street might be first in the clean block contest. Each block will try to win in some activity. Here at headquarters we're setting up a field staff, a secretarial staff, a newspaper staff—we hope to publish a weekly—and an education staff, which will take care of complaints from parents and various school problems."

It Takes a Riot to Get Attention

Judy is in her last year at high school and hopes afterward to enter Hunter College and then make a career in stage management and production. When I asked her how the youth drive originated she said it was her idea and that she sold it to the adults in CORE. "They didn't realize," she said, "that young people had to be handled differently and needed special organization." As she spoke, the phone rang. Callendar answered and then shouted across the room that Bedford-Stuyvesant had just gotten a special grant for its youth work. "Maybe we'd better have a riot here, too," Judy said laughingly. "Those people downtown didn't have a dime for young people till the riots broke out in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant. Now the churches have come up with $100,000 and the city with $200,000. We here in the Bronx have managed on less than $60 so far this summer."

Judy herself was one of the leaders of the youth demonstration which led to the Harlem riot and gave me her own account of how it happened. The purpose was to protest the slaying of 15-year old James Powell by Police Lieutenant Gilligan, to urge the latter's suspension and to ask Police Commissioner Murphy to come to Harlem and speak with the people. She said that when the demonstrators marched to Police Precinct 28 on 123rd Street, Inspector Pendergast would not let any of the youth leaders speak but instead received Rev. Nelson C. Dukes, a Negro Baptist minister, who tried to take over the leadership of the demonstration. "They didn't know who Rev. Dukes was and were suspicious of the report he made when he came out of the police station," Judy related. "Inspector Pendergast wouldn't listen to any of us and the crowd wouldn't listen to him. Finally he yelled, 'To hell with the niggers, get them out of here any way you can.' Then the police arrested me and the other 15 youth leaders and began pushing the crowd back. That's when trouble began. We could have stopped it in a minute if they had just let us use the bull horn. Instead they rushed all of us youth leaders into the police station. The police aren't popular in the neighborhood anyway and cans and bottles began to fly. I was the only girl arrested and a policewoman took me away after I had been kicked and hit over the head. The others were given a beating and the crowd outside could hear their screams. We didn't know a riot had started until we got out of night court at 2 a.m. The man to be blamed is Inspector Pendergast who is supposed to be experienced and to have a reputation for fairness. If it wasn't for his stupid handling of the affair, there would have been no riot."

It Must Have Been Those Godless Reds

"Jackson, Miss., July 31—Another Negro church burned to the ground in Mississippi last night, bringing to at least 15 the number damaged or destroyed by fire since the statewide civil rights drive opened in mid-June. . . . Last week Senator James O. Eastland and some local officials had charged that some of the civil rights workers participating in the Mississippi Summer Project had Communist records."

—In the New York Times, Aug. 1

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